

A
C O U R T
O F
J U D I C A T U R E,
In Imitation of
L I B A N I U S.
W I T H
New Epigrams.

By the Hand that translated *Martial*.

————— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit & sibi constet.
Hor. de Art. Poet.

L O N D O N:
Printed for Henry Bonwicke at the Red Lion in
St. Paul's Church-yard, 1697.

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JUDICATURE
In imitation of
LIBRARIUS.
WITH
Apothegms

By John Land the Learned Attorney

Author of the
The Art of the Law

LONDON

Printed for the Author at the Sign of the
St. Pauls Church-yard

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Court of Judicature,

In Imitation of

LIBANIUS.

To Disertus.

WHEN to *Disertus, Muse*, I bid thee go,
 Why do'st so tim'rous and so back-
 ward show ?

Say, he be reading, let not that affright,

Nay more press on him tho thou see'st him write.

If thou attend'st to find his Idle Hour,

A Time to go, will ne'er be in thy Pow'r.

Thou say'st, When thou conceived'st well before

Of any Work, thou think'st it mean and poor

Approaching him. Be't so, thou do'st not err,

Yet let Conceited Ign'rance more deterr,

A

Than

Than piercing Judgment and a Gen'rous Mind,
 Which will be sure, what thou ha'st Good to find,
 Altho' thy modest self, art to it blind,
 'Tis true, *Disertus* does himself revere
 In what he judges : But how'er severe,
 Candor and Knowledge do his Censures steer,
 He is not like the vain pretending Crew,
 Who criticize on what they never knew,
 The Poets, Painters, Statuaries Skill,
 Make all take Laws from their bold Tongue and
Tasso, Bernino, Raph'el, praise and blame,
 Pronounce what's in them Good, and what is Lame.
 He scorns to act these Vertuosos Part,
 Himself'san Artist, as he judges Art,
 Wou'd I, my *Muse*, upon the World impose,
 No Way, like this Address, I cou'd have chose,
 What's to *Disertus* sent, when Men behold,
 Altho' but Brass, they will presume 'tis Gold,

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

THE People in a certain State, being much addicted to make themselves away, young and old of both Sexes; a Law was made, That whosoever lay under any Affliction, should make their Case known to Judges appointed to hear them: Who, if they cou'd not prevail to remove their Troubles, shou'd allow them to take what Course they pleas'd: But if any, without making Application to these Judges, laid violent Hands on themselves, their Bodies shou'd be expos'd publickly naked, and cast out without Burial. Upon which many made their Discontents known.

The first Address.

A Discontented Poet.

AN ancient Bard did thus his Case declare.
 My Lords, since first I drew a learned Air,
 My self I to the *Muses* did devote,
 Esteem'd a Poet of no Vulgar Note ;
 My Numbers ravish'd all that did them hear,
 And more the Soul affected, than the Ear ;
 I know not how ! The World of late is chang'd,
 And from *Parnassus* ev'ry Heart's estrang'd ;
 Who my Corrivals were, take to a Trade,
 Verse, once their Glory, now their Scorn is made.
 To read a Poem I did late attempt,
 But from a Friend I met with this Contempt,
 " Thy Toys at present, prethee Fool, forbear,
 " I'm serious, as thou see'st, and cannot hear ;
 A Hog he was to sell, a Rick of Hay,
 And things Divine to these he made give way.
 My Labours all are lost, my Glory's fled,
 High time it is, my Lords, that I were Dead.

One from the Bench reply'd, Why don't you learn
 From your wife Friends, Silver and Gold to earn?
 Gain has its Sweeness, Money has a Chime,
 Which will not yield unto the softest Rhime.

To this Advice the Discontented se'd,
 I with Ambrosia ever have been fed,
 And Gen'rous Thoughts my Heart do still inspire,
 Husks I can't eat, nor wallow in the Mire.
 When from this Earth my Soul shall take her Wing,
Apollo I shall hear, and *Muses* sing.

Judg.] The Worthy up to Death with Grief we give,
 Thy Nobler Part we wish may ever live.

The second Address.

An Envious Person.

A Meager Wretch, rolling his blood-shot Eyes,
 What grip't his Heart unfolded in this wise.
 When I the Courses of the World do weigh,
 Not Gods, but Tyrants, seem th' Events to sway;
 Who all things act according to their Lust,
 Not by the Measures of what's Right and Just :

Some are advanc'd, thro Favour, 'bove the rest,
 While others, more deserving, are suppre'st ;
 The very Bruts seem more to be Heav'ns Care,
 Better than Men, in all respects, to fare ;
 A Wolf none richer, than a Wolf, does see,
 A Lion, 'bove a Lion, in degree ;
 In Woods and Fields they equal Station keep,
 Drink the same Springs, and on the same Ground sleep:
 But the Supports of Life tho all Men need,
 Some there are starve, while others do exceed,
 My House unto my Neighbour's House is joyn'd,
 My Dore's as wide, why shou'd not Riches find, }
 An Ent'rance there, if *Fortune* were as kind ?
 But while his Wealth all Bounds does overflow,
 I, extream Penury, do only know.

Cremes and I were seen for many Years,
 In ev'ry Circumstance, to be Compeers ;
 One Bath serv'd both, and the same common Meat,
 We, uninvited, with each other eat ;
 My Purse his Wants, and his did mine supply,
 'Twas rare to find such great Equality ;

The Gods have rais'd him to a high Estate,
 (My Blood thrills in me, while I this relate)
 Upon a sudden, and to me unknown,
 Plebeian *Cremes*, a Patrician's grown ;
 Who creeping went, and with his Head bow'd low,
 Erect, and like a Hero, now does go ;
 Me he despises, and no less does hate,
 Than the Condition he was in of late ;
 Not as a Friend, but Vassal, does invite,
Simo, says he, come sup with me to Night.
 My Gall o'erflow'd : Yet I resolv'd to go,
 His Greatness not to stoop to, but to know.

Good Gods ! What Splendor did my Eyes behold !
 Table and Beds in or o'er-laid with Gold ;
 Chargers and Goblets all of antick Plate,
 Massy, and which became a Princes State ;
 Whate'er was Rare, was set on's Lordly Board,
 All that the Sea and Land do Choice afford.
 The Mirth swell'd high, the Cups went often round,
 While Wine the Rest, with Sorrow I was drown'd ;
 I saw a Feast, but did it not enjoy,
 What others did delight, did me annoy ;

Cremes ne'er mark't, I might or fast, or eat,
 I was his Guest, but me he did not treat.
 In the Debauch and Tumults of the Meal,
 I, unobserv'd, unto my Home did steal:
 Nothing was splendid there, but sordid poor,
 I cast my self, for Anguish, on the Floor;
 The things I'd seen, my Heart did so molest,
 They were, like Furies, in my tortur'd Brest.
Cremes and's Guests I curst, wishing the Room,
 By Fire or Earthquake, might be made their Tomb.
 Nought, my despairing, raving Throws, cou'd cheer,
 But th' Approach of Morn, and in this Court to appear.
 Many do under heavy Pressures lye,
 But find it easier far to bear, than dye:
 Altho the Fortunate I come behind,
 I want not yet a Great and Gen'rous Mind.
 My Lords, I'm poor, yet sue for no Relief,
 But Death, the cheapest Remedy of Grief.
 The Hemlock Draught to me you will not grudge,
 Which you to Homicides and Traitors judge.

The Senate ask't, Has *Cremes* ought detain'd
 Of yours? Grown rich from Loss by you sustain'd?

Not

Not in the least, I freely do declare,
Rather demand, What Prince made him his Heir?

At what is't then, your wild Complaints do aim?
For Spight and Spleen hope you to purchase Fame?
To have your Malice, your Misfortune deem'd?
Envy, the hateful'st Vice, Vertue esteem'd?
What others hide, as their Reproach and Shame,
Your self you value on, in Court proclame.
To *Bedlam* go, and tell your Goodly Tale,
Th'Account on which you'd Dye, may there prevail
Be look't on as a Great and Glorious Deed:
Hemlock you ask, but Hellebore you need.

The Snake curl'd-up, shrouding his hated Head,
Excluded from the Living, and the Dead.

The third Address.

A decay'd Beaunny.

I Here deserted and forlorn do stand,
Who, as a Princess, lately did command,
O'er hundreds held a proud despotic Sway,
The Rich and Noble both did me obey,
To Crowned Heads not humbler Homage pay.

}
Nor

Nor did Demains, or high Descent bestow
 This Pow'r, I to my Beauty it did ow ;
 Hence Wealth flow'd to me, tho no Arts I us'd,
 Much eas'y'r got, than 'twas to be refus'd.
 Men thought themselves enrich't, by what they sent;
 Not in their Stock, but that they did present.
 I was the admired Star in the Parade,
 None, like to me, so bright a Figure made :
 Th' Ambition of all Treats, the Joy and Crown,
 My Prefence, 'bove the Cost, gave them Renown ;
 Guests, the Delights o'th' Pallat did despise,
 While they, on me, had leave to feast their Eyes.

These Glories all, by Sickness, are deface't,
 My Paradife, by 'ts Tyranny, lay'd waste :
 Lovers fly from me, Want does me oppress,
 The Court I had, is now a WilderNESS;
 I saw my Face, as by my Glafs I pass't.
 And started at my self, as one agast.
 Your Piety, my Lords, will eas'ly doom,
 Unto a wretched wand'ring Ghost a Tomb.
 My Case y've heard, and little needs be se'd,
 To give her Leave to Dye, 's already Dead.

The Sense o'th' Court a Judge did thus declare.

Aurelia's noble, rich, belov'd, and Fair,
 Yet she, a high Delight, in Work does take,
 No Musick thinks like that, her Loom does make
 Your Life in Vice begun, in Vertue end,
 Project not to destroy it, but to mend.
 We will a Pension, with a Loom and Wool,
 To you allow--- With Indignation full,
 She se'd, To remedy the State I'm in,
 I dare to Dye, and therefore scorn to spin.

They told her then, They left her to Despair,
 No Drugs they knew, Lost Beauty to repair.

The fourth Address.

A Parasite.

NExt one appear'd before the Judges Sight,
 With doleful Looks, and in a rueful Plight,
 And se'd, A Case, like mine, so full of Woe,
 So tragical, my Lords, you ne'er did know.
 I've liv'd a Life in Pleasure and in Ease,
 Shun'd Labour, Business, all that might displease,

To

To bathe, to keep my Body in good plight,
 To feast, with Roses crown'd, is my delight,
 In Computations, Mirth, and Musick share,
 At others Charge, deliciously to fare.

A Parasite I am, need say no more,
 Rich in Enjoyments, in Revenue poor.

At ten Stones distance from this noble Town,
 A Farm my Patron has of much Renown:
 Where, two days since, he made a sumptuous Feast,
 I, tho no Prime, a Necessary Guest,
 With six choice Harlots, were t' adorn the Treat,
 'Bove in-lay'd Tables, Pictures, Plate, and Meat.
 To give attendance with more Pomp and Grace,
 I hir'd a Horse was trained up to the Race,
 Trap't richly, and my self in best Array,
 Goodly to see it was, and hard to say,
 Whether the Beast, or Rider, were more gay.
 The Hamlets, as I pass't, took me for more,
 Than what I was, so fair a Port I bore,
 And little less they did, than me adore.

Come to the Farm, an Altar there is seen,
 Which stands upon an open spacious Green,

The Horse, this weening to have been the Race,
 Of's own accord, began to mend his Pace;
 The Altar, with the Meta, did confound,
 Which circling, like a furious Whirlwind, round,
 Back to the City me, perforce, he bore,
 Not stopping till he reach't the Stable Door.
 I drop't my Cloak and Bonnet by the way,
 Nor to recover them had pow'r to stay;
 For fear let also go the Bridle Rein,
 To hold the Pommel and the Horses Mane.
 Hurry'd thus back, in such Unseemly wise,
 Those honour'd me before, did now despise;
 Loud Laughter rais'd, and all at once 'gan hoot.
 Some Furlongs pass't, I heard the Rustick Shout.

Thus hatter'd, baffl'd to my Home I came,
 Reflected on my Danger, Damage, Shame,
 All dismal seem'd, Darknefs did me surround.
 My Thoughts did nought but various Deaths pro-
 But 'mong these Evils, this 'bove all the rest (pound.
 Like to a Viper, stung and gnaw'd my Breast,
 And which, even naming, makes me Tears to shed.
I lost a Treat, and hungry went to bed.

The

My

My self I did condemn, coming so near,
 As I the Kitchin smelt, the Cooks did hear,
 Their Choppings and their Ravings strok my Ear
 That to my Int'rest I did prove so slack,
 As not to cast me from the Horses Back.

If so a Shoulder I had broke, or Arm,
 Alas, good Cheer wou'd have redress't the Harm
 Nor Evil did I ever know so Great,
 But Cure, or Comfort, I receiv'd by Meat.

Desp'rat's my State, I can no longer speak,
 I find the Pow'rs of Nature in me weak.

Nor to dispatch me needs there Cord or Sword,
 All Instruments of Death my Griefs afford ;
 Without regard to Laws, of Life bereave,
 Make haste, my Lords, or they'll not stay your Leave

The Harangue done, 'twas with no little Pain,
 The Court from open Laughter did refrain :
 But siting there to save, not to despise,
 Their Sense, with gracious Smiles, they did disguise
 One to th' Afflicted se'd, 'Tis my Birth-Day,
 Rejoyce with me, all Sadness cast away.

Another, I shall hold an Annual Feast
To morrow, come and be my chearful Guest.

Ear A third, My Daughter, three Days hence, is wed,
Place, I'll reserve you, on the second Bed.

Ah! Gentle Lords, the Wretch did then reply,
When Gods bid live, 'twere Sacrilege to dye.

arm *Astrea* deigns again to dwell on Earth,
Justice and Mercy from your Words take Birth.
Shou'd *Jove* invite me to his Board and Cup,
I wou'd refuse, and with your Honours sup.

rd, Upon these Words, the Judges strait arose,
Th' Adventure did them all to Mirth dispose:
The *Eating Varlet* brought to Live again,
Wagging his Tayl, follow'd their Lordships Train.

The fifth Address.

A Noble Virgin.

quise **A** Person of a charming Grace and Mien,
Tho veil'd, before the Judgment Seat was seen,
The Cloud, a Matron from her Face with-drew,
And, to th' Admiring Court, a Heaven did shew.

An Her

Her Name and Vertue were to many known,
Which caus'd thro' all the Ranks a gen'ral Groan.

My Lords, she said, in sad perplexing Care
My Days I've spent, and often in Despair;
Dangers amaze me, Persecutions, Fears,
Numberless Evils, tho' but few my Years.
The Guardians of my tender Age did say,
Apamia, if our Precepts you obey,
In Safety they'll preserve your Orphan State:
But tho' obey'd, such has not been my Fate.
In a Retired Life's my greatest Joy,
A Book's my Pastime, Work is my Employ:
Theaters, Triumphs, Places of Parade
I ever shunn'd, and none can me upbraid,
That in them once I e'er Appearance made.
At solemn Times to th' Temple I do go,
To pay the Duty to the Gods I owe:
But while I there before their Altars pray'd,
Two Noble Youths to Ruine I betray'd.
As I am charg'd: Beauty, my constant Scorn,
Is made my Crime, a Crime was with me born,
If one, and which I never did adorn.

Th' Addressees of all Lovers I oppose,
 But what shou'd make, alarms my soft Repose.
 My Strictness rude Insults, does often cause,
 To the Affront of Vertue and of Laws.

Early this Morning I was thus advis'd,
 Stand on your Guard, or you will be surpriz'd,
 Our Neighbour Tyrant vows he'll you obtain
 By Stratagem, or War, your Person gain.
 No Refuge I, a helpless Virgin, have,
 But in the Sanctuary of a timely Grave.

A Judge, i'th' Name o'th' rest, did thus declare,
 Exc'lent *Apamia*, sink not in despair,
 Your Honour, as our own, we do respect,
 And as our Gods and Temples will protect :
 All here will bleed, who on this Bench do sit,
 Before the Wrong, you apprehend, permit.

Is there, said she, that Witchcraft in my Face,
 As to confound the wisdom of this Place ?

Who, to be Author of a War, am I ?

And that the State shou'd be my Guaranté ?

My Life, no way, can make my Country blest,

And I'll not be her *Helen* and her Pest.

Regard, to this Tribunal, I have paid,
 Address, according to the Edict, made,
 To ease the Perturbations that I feel,
 There is no Way, but by this friendly Steel.

While yet she spoke, she gave the fatal Wound,
 The Glory of the Age fell with her to the Ground.

The sixth Address.

A Philosopher.

SINCE Reason first awaken'd in my Soul,
 Lusts to subdue, and Passions to controul
 Have been my Strife; on Vertue wholly bent,
 The Lectures of the Wise I did frequent;
 The fam'd for Science, and good Conduct, heard,
 My Masters chose by Learning, not by Beard;
 Like others of my Age, I did not roam,
 The Schools when shut, but ply'd good Books at home
 And when I more confirm'd in Strength did grow,
 The Duty all Men to their Country owe,
 Arm'd I'mong her martial Squadrons show.

Nor in the Camp was I of mean Renown,
 The Civil thrice I wore, and twice the Mural Crown.
 My Years of Warfare thus in Honour spent,
 To th' intermitted Schools again I went.
 Lectures of Use, not Ostentation, read,
 To Peace and War our younger Nobles bred.
 My Strength is spent, Age has my Vigour broke,
 A doted Trunk I'm now, was once an Oak.
 Like to a Servant, past his Work, I sue
 For Manumission, as his Right and Due.

Worthy *Eubulus*, 'twas to him reply'd,
 Thy Vertuous Actscan be by none deny'd.
 And 'tis the Senat's great Reproach and Brand,
 That 'fore this sad Tribunal thou dost stand ;
 After a Life so good, deserts so high,
 That thou no Boon shou'd'st ask, but leave to dye.
 Does Grief afflict thee, or does Want oppress ?
 Thine will be held, the Commonwealths Distress.

Eu. My Gracious Lords, 'twou'd my Pretences shame,
 On such Accounts, if for Support I came.
 My Ways were ever just, my Mind is sound,
 No Guilt I know, with little, I abound.

Goodness it self cannot my Wants relieve,
 I'm broke by time, and Youth you cannot give ;
 Useless I'm grown, this Thought does me oppress,
 To see my Age, than my first Years, do less.
 A Service for me could you yet descry,
 I'd it dispatch, and after that I'd dye.
 But if 'gainst Nature I must only fight,
 Age, Aches, and Diseases put to flight,
 Against such Foes 'tis Folly to contend,
 And Leave I beg, to make a Wise Man's End.

If so resolv'd ; the Senate does decree,
 A Statue, to preserve thy Memory,
 And to thy own sage Counsel leaves thee free.

The seventh Address.

A desperate Lover.

S Trait, to th' amazed Bench, perk't up in View,
 One with a Garland hanging all askew,
 His loose Attire suiting his reeling Crown,
 Th' officious Guard address'd to pluck him down.

But to the Lords, for Audience, he did cry,
 And said, I'm one of those come here to dye.
 The Courts Regard I claim, and to be heard,
 No less than the last Speaker, grave Sir Beard.
 My Words despise not, 'cause I come thus dress'd,
 Hast' urg'd me to unload my burden'd Breast.
 I from a Banquet leapt---- My Lords of late
 T'an *Hebrew* Philosoph I did relate
 The Cause why here you sit, in short, to try
 To make Men live, or give them leave to dye.
 says he, this hearing, " Make you then no Odds
 " Between your Senate, and a Bench of Gods ?
 " To punish Criminals with Death, I know
 " The Magistrates have Pow'r, but can they show
 " Commission too, th' afflicted to give leave
 " Themselves of Life, at Pleasure, to bereave ?
 " This high Prerogative is Heav'n's alone,
 " Nor, without Sacrilege, any can it own.
 " The meanest Soldier, that his Post forsakes
 " Without Dismission, his Deaths Process makes:
 " And, shall not those, who undismis'd, do leave
 " This Life, as great a Penalty receive ?

A *Dotard* pleads, Age, useless, him has made.
 By Sickness, *Madam's Beauty* is decay'd.
 A *Gormand*, losing his wild Boar and Pie,
 The Earth hangs round with Sables, and the Skie.
 But the black Guilt which presses you 'bove all,
 Divine *Apamia*, in this Court did fall.
 This makes me face you thus without all Dread;
 To scorn your *Fastes*, now the Virgin's dead.
 If these were Causes, Murder to avow,
 Why do you not all Crimes beside allow ?
 Make Theft and Incest to your Verdict bow ?
 Self-Murder's Murder, what Laws e'er you coyn,
 And while the Sin you licence, in 't you joyn.
 But a *Barbarian* does this Doctrine preach,
 Is Truth not Truth, unless a *Greek* it teach ?
Pythagoras and *Plato* were more wise,
 These learn'd *Barbarians* they did not despise.
 What in their Writings so divine does show,
 Tho not confess'd, they unto these do owe.

Hearing to gain, I said, I came to die,
 And my Contempt declares, I did not lie.

The Court, *Eubulus*, all, did on him gape,
 But to his Speech no Answer they cou'd shape:
 Only, to save their Honour, did declare,
 So high an Insolence they ought not bear.
 But th' *Effronté* altho they did commit,
 On like Account they never more did sit.

B 4

Thou

The Court Esteem all, did on him say,
But to his Speech no Answer they did say:
Only, to live their Honour, did they say,
So high, no Influence they ought not say,
But to the Court, did they say,
On like Account they never more did say.

Thou

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Epigram 1.

To Candidus.

THou art impetuous, I shou'd still write more,
 Tho thrice, in print, I've promis'd to give o'er.
 (and) Promise a fourth time, so it will produce,
 An Epigram that's good, there will need no Excuse.
 Altho thy Words do sound thus mad and wild.
 They flatter so, I am by them beguil'd.
 Into the Deep again my Bark I lanch,
 Where if it founders, prove not tight and stanch,
 In my Defence, thou art oblig'd to say,
 I, the *old Fool*, did to the Floods betray.

Epigram 2.

*On the Right Reverend Dr. E. Stilling-
 fleet, Lord Bishop of Worcester.*

When thou this *Venerable Name* do'st hear,
 Wholly confounded, *Muse*, thou do'st appear,
From

From severe Studys, say'st, he's never free:
 Nor to impede them, *Fond one*, send I thee.
 Thou add'st, tho none in antick Dust does rake
 Like him, for Truth such deep Researches make,
 A florid Muse, thro' all his Writings flows,
 And what's profound, as beauteous also shows;
 Him to salute, 's more than to win a Prize!
 Forbear t'aspire, th'art here to sacrifice;
 On th' Altar of his Worth a Grain to lay,
 A Debt all Ages, like to this, will pay.
 Conform unto my Will, thy self apply
 Without Reluctance, on his Board to ly,
 Among the barking Pamphlets that attend,
 Till tir'd, he from his Study does descend.
 He'll thee distinguish, from black-mouth'd *T. Gs.*
J. Os, the Unitarians, and R. Bs.
 Skill'd in all Ways, Ancients and Moderns write,
 Master of one, the rest he does not slight.
 He knows, the most that Epigrams pretend,
 Is to relax the Mind, and not to bend.

Epigram 3.

On Lewis the Great.

Many beside have born this glorious Name,
 But, like to thee, none with so just a Claim.
Pompey was stil'd, for early Conquests, *Great*,
Henry the fourth, whose Prowess did defeat
 The League of *France*, combin'd with *Rome* and *Spain*,
 To this high Title likewise did attain.

But what did these, to that which thou hast done?
 Supported *Asia*, ruin'd *Christendom*;
 All *Lorrain*, *Flanders*, *Germany* do show,
 The Devastations they to thee do owe:
 Thy treach'rous Plots have made all Nations quake
 Even the Foundations of thine own to shake:
 Nor against Men do'st only shew thy Might,
 But thy bold Hand dares 'gainst Religion fight;
 The faithful in thy Kingdom undergo,
 Such Persecutions Heathens ne'er did show.

To the *Great Turk* true Brother and Allie,
 Thou do'st both Pope and Protestant defy,
 Witness thy Pillar, rais'd in *Rome*, of Infamy.

And to maintain thy Name of *Great* thro' all,
 Great thy Disgraces are, and great thy Fall.
 All by Surprise, or Brib'ry thou hast won,
 Harra'st by Fire by Sword, and over-run,
 The injur'd Princes, with united Pow'r,
 Have forc'd thee vomit, as thou did'st devour ;
 Thy Forts have storm'd, thy Forces put to rout,
 Strip't thee unto the State thou first set'st out ;
 Nought but the Guilt and Horror do remain
 Of Millions thou hast begger'd, starv'd, and slain.
Orange Despis'd wrought chiefly thy Defeat,
Lewis [in *Querpo*] write, no more [the *Great*.]

Epigram 4.

On a scurrilous Detractor.

Thou say'st 'gainst *Lewis* sharply I inveigh,
 But of King *James* I nothing ill do say.----
 And may my Tongue, and Vitals also rot,
 When I attempt his sacred Name to blot.

In his disast'rous State, God's Hand, I see
 With deeper sense, tho from thy Malice free;
 The Blessings from this Revolution flow,
 The Obligations all *King William* owe,
 To wit, the Kingdoms Safety, and Advance,
 That Slaves we are not made to *Rome* and *France*:
 Nor do I doubt, he justly fills the Throne,
 By Pleas, as strong as Birth, claims it his own.

But what of this? That which I ought revere,
 Reflect upon with a religious Fear,
 Shall I with Insolent and barb'rous Pride,
 Tread under Foot, and brutishly deride?
 The Royal Head, a Crown did late adorn,
 Dress up a Trophy with Contempt and Scorn?
 May *David's* Curses fall on them delight,
 To persecute, whom God does wound and smite.
 This Prodigy our Eyes of late have seen,
 "The Sacrosanct blasphem'd; *Pag*, made denote, a
 "Vermin, our Prelats; those o'th' scarlet Robes, ^{Queen;}
 "Judges and Lords, stil'd Scoundrels, Dunghil Rogues;
 "Church Rites prophan'd, so little said to avail,
 "As not of worth to wipe a Porter's Tail;

"The

" The Coronets of Barons, Dukes, and Earls,

" Embellish't all with the like Gems and Pearls.

Archbishop *Land*, whose Life, whose Death, whose

Enrols him justly 'mong the greatest Men, (Pen

And *Cosins*, who so many Years made good

Our Churches Cause, the Rage of Priests withstood

I th' *Lower* Walls, with Hazzard of his Blood;

With other Worthys vilely are defam'd,

While wicked *Jones* is, as a Patriarch, nam'd.

Whose Praise, with those the worthless Wretch did

Makes all that's writ beside, for nothing go. (know,

Did not the fordid Stile, the Thought gain-say,

Some great one wou'd be said another Day,

Things of so high a Nature to display.

The num'rous Facts the Buffoon dares relate,

No one con'd know, tho Minister of State.

What's true, what's false, what's hear-say, and surmise,

What few dare think, his scurrilous Leaves comprize.

What can such matchless Impudence repay?

All his own Dirt, heap'd on him should we lay,

As the Case stands, it were to do him Grace,

Among the greatest and the noblest place.

No Pow'r of Words can, what he is, express,
 Satyr wou'd fail, Invectives be found less ;
 His Prototype no Age before e'er saw,
 His loathed self must his loath'd *sex* draw.

Epigram 5.

On Criticks.

Suns wrapt in Mists, Stars in a cloudy Night,
 Who Darkness cast, where you do promise Light ;
 When Readers you have rack'd, and Authors vex,
 Your Gloss is oft' obscurer, than the Text ;
 Light, to some inslent Phrase, when any seek,
 Th' uncouth Latine, you explain by Greek ;
 And when one Word wou'd the hard Knot undo,
 Affect, your reading, not the Sense to shew ;
 You References, with Heaps of Figures, make,
 Which rarely recompence the Pains Men take ;
 And always do presume, that Books are by,
 To clear a Trifle, ask a Lib'rary.

To boast your selves to your own Tribe, you pride,
 To vie with Criticks, not the Novice guide.

Epigram

Epigram 6.

On one that had a stinking Mouth.

Thou oft complain'st, thy Meat does thee no good,
 Nor is it possible, it ever should,
 Passing thy Mouth, thou art with Poison fed,
 The wonder only is, thou art not dead.

Epigram 7.

On Coscus.

Coscus, whose Worth lyes all in his Estate,
 His Love to a fair Maid did thus relate.
 Your Beauty does so captivate my Heart,
 Your Chains I cannot break by any Art;
 I have discours'd what Folly it will be,
 To yoke my Riches with your Poverty,
 With Reasons like : but all I found in vain,
 And nothing cou'd remove my senseless Pain,
 Or put a Period to this vexing Strife,
 Till I resolv'd to take you for my Wife.

The Gen'rous Maid, hearing the Brutal Woe,
 Whether to frown or laugh, she did not know.
 But said, Who was it, Precious Sir, that told,
 I'd be your Wife? Was't your Prophetick Gold?
 Or your Oracular Land? They both did lye,
 These, Cattel may, but Me they ne'er shall buy.

Epigram 8.

On one that had a stinking Breath.

Thy poisonous Breath not able, when to bear,
 I turn'd my Face, but lent thee still My Ear;
 But thou impatient to be understood,
 Turn'd as I turn'd, and right before me stood,
 Which forc't me thus my Suffring to disclose,
 Men with their Ears do hear, not with their Nose.

Epigram 9.

On a stupid rustick Sinner.

When against Sin, in gen'ral, thou dost't hear
 The heavy't Threats, the Sound does strike thy Ear,

But very little does affect thy Heart,
 Because, thou say'st, thou shalt but hear thy Part,
 And there's a World, that must divide the Smart.
 When Knaves, thou hear'st, do only purchase Hell,
 Thou say'st, My Gains are sweet, I cannot sell.
 That Drunkards unto Heaven shall never come.
 Body of me, say'st thou, a heavy Doom.
 No Fault thou do'st amend, no Truth deny,
 But in a drowzy Way do'st live and dye;
 And when thou com'st into Eternal Woe,
 Alas! thou say'st, and is it so and so,
 These things, for Talk with me, did ever go.

Epigram 10.

On Aurelia.

Siting by fair *Aurelia*, as she dress'd,
 Seriousness, mixt with Sharpness, she express'd.
 While a Straws-bredth, she strove her Maid to show
 This she had pinn'd too high, and that too low.
 I gave o'er talk, and gaping did attend,
 How, and which way the nice Contest wou'd end.

Which

Which she observing, ask't me, what I thought?
 Said I, *Aurelia*, I am this Day taught,
 When I some slight and trivial thing report,
 No more, as a Pin-Matter, to denote,
 For a Pin-Matter, 's Matter of Import!

Epigram 11.

To the Muses.

Ye sacred Sisters say upon what Score,
 Your Sons, however noble, still are poor.
Muse.] We are nine Virgins, and Immortal Pow'rs,
 The Sons, are all adopted, we call ours,
 Of Soul and Body fram'd, of Humane Race,
 These Half ally'd to us we highly grace,
 Richly endow'd with Gifts that are Divine,
 Which so their Mortal Nature do refine,
 The World, unto the World, they do resign.
 Born up and soaring with inspired Wings,
 Disdain to stoop their Thoughts to Earthly things;
 And while their Fancy 'mong the Stars does dwell,
 O'er-see their poor Estate, and homely Cell;

And cou'd their dazzling Raptures always hold,
 Hunger they'd never feel, nor Want, nor Cold.
 If so it chance, they to Demains are born,
 To nought they bring them by Neglect and Scorn.
 Poets, by Gen'rous Patrons, rich may be,
 But ne'er by Land, and drudging Industry.

Epigram 12.

On the unworthily advanced, and unworthily depressed.

A Dwarf's a Dwarf, tho set upon a Hill.
 A Giant in a Pit, 's a Giant still.

Epigram 13.

On Bassa.

A Word, a Look strait, *Bassa*, thee alarms,
 And, Soldier-like, thou stand'st unto thy Arms,
 Assum'st the Weapons forg'd before thy Glass,
 Thy killing Smiles, quaint Leer, and sweet Grimace

Tortur'ft thy Features, to extract more Grace,
 Mak'ft twenty Vifors of one forry Face.
 Keep thy own Looks, and ftill perfift to frown,
Cupid's at Paphos, at leaft out of Town
 To thee : Forget that thou art fair. I'd know,
 What Holland, to fix Pair of Socks, does go.

Epigram 14.

On the fame.

Thy Humour being known, the other Day
 A Drol, this Knavifh Prank, with thee did play.
Baffa, fays he, a Gallant does defire
 To fpeak with you, At this, thou ftrait took'ft fire,
 And in a Moment chang'd thy Drefs and Cloths,
 Thy felf in the beft Order did'ft compofe,
 Thus fit to entertain fome am'rous News
 The Cobler brought thee home thy mended Shoes.

Epigram 15.

On a Romantick Damzel.

Mod'rately handsome, and but meanly rich,
 As if endow'd even to the highest Pitch,
 Thou, to thy Suitors' do'st thy self demean,
 Like some fantastick, fair, Romantick Queen;
 By ways Heroick only wilt be won.
 Some, thou injoy'n'st, against the *Turk* to fight,
 Others thy Glorys (which none know) to write.
 All do receive with Smiles, what thou do'st say,
 But, better offer'd, wed themselves next Day,
 Leaving to Fools, thy Humour to obey.
 The Pens thou hop'd'st should raise thee 'bove the
 For an Encomium, send thee a Lampoon. (Moon,

Epigram 16.

On Hatred.

Where Valour stops, Hatred goes on, and dares,
 For Reason, nor for Danger, ought forbears.

The

The Valiant, their Designs, first wisely lay,
 Thro' Opposition then they cut their Way,
 But desp'rate Hate unequal Force withstands,
 And shews its Teeth, even when it has no Hands,
 Nothing diffinays it, forward to engage,
 O'er-pow'r'd and worsted, ceases not to rage.
 Evils can't tame, or make it to go less,
 It will its Foe, or else its self, oppress.
 When it can't hurt, the Heart is ever rack't,
 A Habit 'tis, that always is in Act.
 As Love does raise Men 'bove their nat'ral State,
 No way inferiour are the Pow'rs of Hate.

Epigram 17.

To my Muse.

Drop not, my Muse, cause thou find'st little Praise,
 'Tis not their Worth, that Books do's always raise.
 As foulest Crimes, such as the Hurdle claim,
 Sooner arrive to Honour and to Fame,

Than Vertues do : So Writings that abound
 With scurrilous Trash, that boldly dare confound
 All that is good and great, have strange Acceptance
 Oft' *Oats's* *oats* shall Impressions know, (found.)
 While some rare Work does for Waste Paper go.

Epigram 18.

On a Good Man.

He's a Good Man, and in the first Degree,
 Who slight's the Name of Goodness, good to be.

Epigram 19.

On the Honour of Women.

The Honour's great, Women may justly claim,
 As their Due Right, and not in Courtships Name.
 When Angels hourly did to Man address,
 And his *Great Lord* deign'd with him to converse ;
 When all in Sea and Land obey'd Man's Throne,
 Till *Eve* was giv'n, God said, He was alone.

Epigram 20.

On an Epicure.

When God has given the Sea, the Land, the Air,
 To load thy Table with delicious Fare,
 This One Restraint, thou say'st, does spoil the Feast.
Rejoyce thy Heart, but play not yet the Beast.
 At his own Bounty, think'st, he does repine,
 Cause to his Earthly Gifts, he adds Divine.
 Thy brutish Sense cannot this Truth descry,
 God is most lib'ral, when he does deny ;
 When he from Man appeareth ought to take,
 It is a hundred fold Return to make ;
 He took a single Rib from *Adam's* Side,
 Form'd *Eve* therewith, his bright and daz'ling Bride.

Epigram 21.

*King Agefilaus Answer, being offer'd
 Presents from the King of Persia.*

I, from an Enemy, all Gifts abhor,
 What from a Foe I take, I take in War.

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Epigram 22.

The like Answer from a Roman.

Your Greatness 'tis, vast Heaps of Gold to give,
And mine is this, I without Gold can live.

Epigram 23.

On Separatists.

Their Proofs in vain th' Episcoparians bring,
From the Faiths early 'st Dawning and its Spring.
For what they teach and do; in vain oppose
Our Discipline, and raving Ways expose:
Hope to affright us with the fatal Change
Of all to Pop'ry, while we from them range;
In vain our gather'd Churches seek to storm,
Shewing the Monst'rous Sects which from them
In vain Triumph, th'ave forc't us to deny
They Papists are; we still can them decry
As Jacobites, such Slanders have at hand,
No Innocence, whatever, can withstand.

Think

Think they our Scull's so thick, our Wit's so gross,
 We'll suffer Truth take place, that's to our Loss ?
 The Means they hold, establish'd are by Law,
 We ours, from arbitrary Purfes, draw :
 And shou'd we yield to that, which they require,
 Our Flocks would wain, and leave us in the Mire;
 schism's our Charter, rejecting their Communion,
 Our Tenure, Reputation, and our Union.
 The only way to win us, they forbear,
 Which were to say, *We quit to you, not share,*
Our Dignities. This wou'd end all Dispute !
 No Truth, but Interest, Sep'ratists confute.
 These gain'd, we'd ope' our Congregations Eyes,
 To honour that, we teach them to despise.
 We dread no King opposing, while we can,
 Thro' all his Pomp, discern he's but a Man.
 We know Dominion founded is in Grace,
 The Scepter's due unto our Godly Race.
 Nought can be nobler, than our Aim and Scope
 To make each Whig a King, each Whig a Pope.

Epigram

Epigram 24.

On Decoctus.

To put a Gloss upon thy needy State,
 Of Philosophick Meals thou oft' do's prate,
 How noble 'tis, on undress'd Food to fare,
 All common Luxurys, Men use, to spare,
 Even a spread Table dayly to forbear.

'Tis bravely done, thus to hold up thy Head,
 To feast on Glory, in the Want of Bread:
 For all thou say'st, tends to another End,
 Far from the *Cynic* Way thou dost pretend.
 While thou discoursest thus of various Meat,
 Thou'd'st only have it thought, that thou do'st eat.

Epigram 25.

To Caius.

Oft' between those is found the greatest Strife,
Caius, ought most agree, that's Man and Wife.

This Rule observe, always what's Just to choose,
 But so, as thine own Justice not to lose;
 Some are so furious others to reclaim,
 Themselves they render more, than them, to blame.
 Try, in next place, th' Effect of giving way,
 A sweet Compliance oft' has won the Day.
 The *Roman Mob* to mutine wou'd not cease,
 On any Terms make with the Senate Peace,
 Till a Plebeian Consul they obtain'd,
 And then, in threescore Years, not one they nam'd.

Epigram 26.

On the Stoicks.

T' exalt your Sect, beyond the common Ken
 Of Humane Eyes, above the Race of Men;
 Dangers, profess, to flight, Wrongs to digest,
 No outward Torments spoil your inward Feast.

'Tis true, great things, you speak, and give the Odds,
 To your Wife Men, 'bove those you count your Gods;
 Who are, by Nature, happy and Divine,
 But they, by Vertue equal with them shine.

In Contemplation Souls high Flights do make
 Nought's so sublime, they dare not undertake.
 The Mischief is, the Soul then acts alone,
 Big of its self, the Flesh disdains to own :
 But when the Flesh does sharp Afflictions bear,
 And calls upon its Partner Soul to share,
 Then first the Soul its Impotency sees,
 That Sophistry's too weak to cope with Miseries.
 A Christian Martyr may the Flame despise,
 No less when felt, than absent from his Eyes;
 In Death find nothing terrible or strange,
 'Cause Earth, he knows, for Heav'n he does exchange
 But those, who found their Courage on Discourse,
 When Evils press, do sink beneath their Force :
 The *Stoick*, who no absent Danger fear'd,
 Nigh ; A Dismay shews broader, than his Beard.

Epigram 27.

On a Modern Parasite.

Having nor Wit, nor Worth thee to commend,
 Vertue of any kind to stand thy Friend,

Tha

Th'ast taken up a Way, which makes thee pass;
Which is, by calling great *Men* *Fool* and *Ass*,
Giving the Lye, protesting they are Scabs,
Terming the Ladies Baggages and Drabs.

This is thy Talent : Which does strangely take,
Room for thee, at the Noblest Tables, make,
Tho dull, as faucey ; brainless, as 'tis rinde ;
Course Ribaldry, with Impudence imbued.
How comes such Slanders unoffensive thought,
Which mortal Fends, and bloodshed oft have wrought?
Least thou grow'st proud, the Myst'ry I will show,
Thy Baseness makes thy Words for nothing go.

Epigram 28.

To Justus.

Who, *Justus*, will the obstinate confute,
With Fists, and not with Reasons, must dispute.

Epigram

Epigram 26.

On Precisians.

Austere, not righteous; rig'rous, and not good
 Furious for Truth, a Sign, not understood:
 Your fiery Temper little does accord,
 With the meek Gospel of our gracious Lord:
 Who Mercy shew'd, and Mercy always taught,
 Your Looks, as well as Heart, with Rage are fraught
 The World you seek, with Joy, to reprobate,
 And then conclude, you justly them may hate.
 Let Men be strictly pious in their Ways,
 Their Actions such, deserve the highest Praise,
 Chaste, Charitable, Peaceful, Sober, True;
 These avail nought, if they are none of you.
 And Reason good, you say: You are th' Elect,
 In such alone, all Vertues have Effect.

Malignant Tribe! As God design'd the *Jews*,
 (When them he did, from all the Nations, chuse)
 His Priests and Prophets to the World to make,
 That all his saving Knowledge might partake,

They

They grudg'd the Bounty, their Pride cou'd not bear,
 The Heathen shou'd, their Priviledges share.
 So you wou'd Heav'n restrain (had you your Will)
 Your Gang alone shou'd all its Mansions fill ;
 To gen'ral Love you brook not any Place,
 Grace must be partial, or it is not Grace.
 'Tis hard to say, which are *Christ's* greater Foes,
 Those that pervert the Faith, or those oppose ;
Jews, who blaspheme, and wholly him reject,
 Or those confine him to their canker'd Sect.

Epigram 30.

To Drusilla.

For Portion being of no small Renown,
 Thou lay'st sometime, *incognito*, in Town,
 An Equipage most charming to compleat,
 Like forreign Ministers, before they treat,
 Thy Dowry told, and seen in thy Parade,
 The Party, in cast Cloths, espous'd thy Maid.

Epigram 31.

On a Censurer.

Epigrams nothing new, thou say'st, do show,
To Actions past, or Reading, all they owe.

Who in this Age o'th' World will write all new,
Shall neither write what's natural, nor true ;
But while his Thoughts, by Patterns, scorns to shape,
He'll act the As, while he avoids the Ape.

Epigram 32.

On Prayer..

Great are th' Effects of a true faithful Pray'r,
The Idle's framed of, it ends in Air.

The Plow man prays, but here he does not stop,
Labour he joyns, and gets a fruitful Crop.

Plutarch, a Heathen, this Point rightly states,
In *Paulus* and King *Perseus* various Fates :

Paulus the Gods, with his drawn Sword, did pray,
Perseus pray'd too, but then he run away.

Epigram

Epigram 33.

The Reply of a Spartan to an Athenian.

When an *Athenian* proudly thus did boast.
 From smooth *Cephissus* Banks, and neighbouring Coasts.
 Our Troops have oft you *Spartans* put to flight,
 Manger your vaunted Discipline and Might.
 To which the *Spartan*, smiling, did reply,
 Th' *Athenians*, from * *Eurotas*, ne'er did fly,
Sparta, they never durst approach so nigh.

* *Cephissus* was the River of Athens, *Eurotas* of Sparta.

Epigram 34.

On a huge fat Host.

Thy oily Pate, with Sweat, does always flow,
 Thy Hair, like Flakes of o'er-boyl'd Beef, does show;
 Thy blown-up Cheeks, like *Æolus's*, swell,
 And all the Winds seem, in thy Womb, to dwell.
 Well, 'gainst thy Paunch, thy Limbs may mutiny,
 Who Belly art, from Chin unto the Knee.

Thou do'st not walk, but like a Boul, do'st roll,
A Lump unorganiz'd, without a Soul.

How do'st thou live? For sure thou can'st not, eat,
Thou hast no Place to stow or Drink or Meat.

How do'st thou sleep? If thou along thou'd'st lie,
Choak'd with thy Guts, and strangl'd, thou wou'd'st
Thou laugh'st at this; and say'st, in hopes of Gain, (die,
Thou can'st bestir thy *Moles* without Pain?

The lean, not nimbler are, to play the Knave,
And count'st them Fools, much Flesh, do count a Grave.

Epigram 35.

On *Aristides*.

When *Aristides*, nam'd deserv'dly *Just*,
Being never known, to warp, in any Trust;
Causes, in Judgment, as he sate to hear,
Two Litigants, before him, did appear;
Favour to gain, one, t'other, did accuse,
That *Aristides* he did oft abuse.
If you he wrong'd, says he, in ought declare,
His Wrongs to me, whate'er they are, forbear;

I sit not here, Right to my self to do,
But Justice, unto other Men, to shew.

Epigram 36.

On a very lean Person.

Like to Camelions, do'st thou feed on Air ?
So lank thou art, so rarefy'd, and spare ;
So faint withal, so feeble, and so wan,
That thou but seem'st the Shadow of a Man.
Thy Body's not a Body all decree,
Only a fleeting Vehicle to be.
Go forth, thou durst not, on a windy Day,
Least thro' thee't blow, or blow thee quite away.
A Surgeon vow'd, he did in thee descry,
More than he learn'd from an Anatomy ;
Another meeting thee, did on thee stare
As on a Skeleton, and madly swear,
He wou'd go home, and see if's own were there.
Did not thy Clothes, more than thy Flesh detect
The Truth, all for a Ghost, wou'd thee suspect.

When Love thou mad'st, the Maid did swoon for fear,
And, sighing, said, *I thought not Death so near.*

Epigram 37.

On the Grecian and Roman Superstition.

As the great *Theban* Gen'ral led his Bands,
A profess't Augur thus, his March, withstands.
Your Progress, Captain, I advise, forbear,
Bad Omens I discern, are worth your Care.
Says he, what Omens does your Knowledge see,
Outweigh the Soldiers great Alacrity?
The States Defence, and Justice of her Cause?
The Gods I dread, revere their sacred Laws,
But not a screeching Raven, or an Owl,
A bolting Hare, or when a Wolf does howl.
This said, on's Expedition he did go,
And conquer'd Superstition, and the Foe.
The *Roman* Piety, on th' other side,
Renounc'd a Victory, if the Gods deny'd;

Respect

Respect chose rather to their Rites to show,
 Than even an Enemy to overthrow.
 When, with bad Omen, they two Consuls chose,
 Home they recall'd them, and did both depose.
 Forbid them ought, i'th' publick Name, t' attempt,
 Least they it impious made by their Contempt;
 And when *Flaminius* had, in Fight, Success,
 A high unfeign'd Displeasure did express;
 Declar'd it was more eligible far,
 To gain the Temples, than prevail in War;
 Tho thousands of the *Gauls* did find their Graves,
 To have the Gods their Friends, than *Gauls* their
 (Slaves.

Epigram 38.

To Honorius.

When Faction reigns, and Envy does prevail,
 As in a Storm, discreetly strike your Sail:
 Who in a safe and fearless Posture lies,
 Tho' toss'd, the raging Billows, may despise.
 Give way, ly by : Do nothing rash, or poor,
 Having commanded, sue at no Man's Door ;

This noble way, strive Malice to defeat,
 To be made angry, shew you are too great.
Marius, i'th' Camp, both Foes and Friends did fear,
 But, like a rusty Harness, did appear
 Useless in Peace. And *Pompey* who did shine
 So bright in Arms, his Lustre did decline
 I'th' Senate, held not there that high Renown,
 But *Crassus* greater seem'd i'th' civil Gown.
 This the wise *Theban* saw, who rais'd the Fame
 Of his *Bæotians*, 'bove the *Spartans* Name,
 When he th' *Arcadian* Citys did refuse,
 And in the Fields t' incamp, did rather chuse,
 Telling his Soldiers, while they Arms did bear,
 And their bold Presence, their brave Acts declare,
 Their Neighbours, to their Friendship, wou'd aspire,
 But if they saw them, slothful, at the Fire,
 Parching of Beans, they'd scorn, and not admire.
 Erect your Huts, and let them still behold,
 As stout 'gainst Foes, y' are hardy against Cold.

Caution and Conduct, with War, do not cease,
 But useful Vertues are in Times of Peace ;

When

When valiant Acts, there is no Place, to shew,
Those Great appear, who nothing meanly do.

Epigram 39.

On Bassa.

Like to the Stone all Metals turns to Gold,
Thou deem'st 'tis Love, if any thee behold.
By others made a Jest, I spake thee fair,
Thou strait conclud'st me caught within thy Snare,
And being old, for fear I shou'd presume,
Worse Looks than yet thy own thou did'st assume.
Love to obtain, may well deserve thy Care,
But to prevent, all Arts, as needless, spare.
Th' art safer far, than *Danae* in the Tow'r,
Thy Beautys need not fear a Golden Shower.

Epigram 40.

On the same.

Thou hast an Art, that can at distance hold
Thou say'st, a Lover, be he ne'er so bold.

This

This Art thou boast'st, I can no way conceive,
A Face, if thou had'st said, I shou'd believe.

Epigram 41.

On a Champion of the Seminary, W.S.

Thy wrangling Sophistry did make some Noise
In *Doway*, 'mong the Novices and Boys ;
Puff't up with this, vast Thoughts thou did'st conceive
And Brains and College both behind thee leave,
And to the Field of Honour fall'y d'st forth,
Hero in Fancy, Pigmy in thy Worth.
What Spoils from *Rome* reformed Churches bore,
Resolving, by thy Prowess, to restore.
A patcht, ill-suited Armor thou putt'st on,
Resembling that of the *Manchean Don* ;
Thy Lance was Demonstration, and thy Shield
Tradition, temper'd to no Force to yield,
But Paper found, and Bulrush in the Field.
Sheep, Giants, Windmills, were to thee alike,
Thou against all did'st couch thy daring Pike.

The Mischief only was, thou did'st not find,
 The Christian Giants of the Pagan Kind :
 Who, of their Limbs, Knights Errant did bereave,
 And with one Blow, in halves their Bodys cleave.
 Hammond and Bramball, all thou did'st attack,
 Baff'd, unhors'd, and laid thee on thy Back,
 To assault a Fort thou did'st aspire,
 Like a Fascin wert cast i'th' Ditch and Mire.
 But after bastinado'd, and defeat,
 Invincible remain'd, in thy Conceit.
 None, like to thee, so well deserv'd the Fame,
 Of Quixot of the Schools, to bear the Name.

Epigram 42.

On a Champion of the Conventicle, R. B.

This Champion strip't, dares Multitudes defy,
 On a steel'd Heart, not Armour, does rely ;
 Inspir'd with Error, and inflam'd with Zeal,
 No Foe's so strong, with whom he doubts to deal ;
 Gainst Sword and Spear he enter will the Lists,
 Encounter Canon with his naked Fists.

That

That is, no Depth of Science does him daunt,
 Who has his Lights, can no Assistance want ;
 Small learning, and much tongue, speak greater Grace
 Than *Greek* and *Hebrew*, 'mong the canting Race.
 He, Spider-like, intangl'd Gnats and Flies,
 And thinks, his Nets, an Eagle cou'd surprize.
 'Gainst *Stillingfleet* his Force he dares oppose,
 Who when the sacred Truth he does disclose,
 It seems but Sham, if more than what he knows.
 His Pearls of Knowledge, saving and divine,
 Into the Dirt are trampil'd by this Swine ;
 And Folly he returns him, Scorn and Spite,
 Venom, or Cobweb, Summs what he does write.

Epigram 43.

On the Leviathan.

I once did wonder, that no pious Hand,
 In a just Work, this cursed Piece did brand :
 Since I perceive, the Task they did not shun,
 But 'tis a Work, that is not to be done.

From off the Earth, if Footing cou'd be found,
 An Artist said, he'd turn the Globe of't round.
 No Footing's here, for any to dispute,
 No maxim, Medium, whereby to confute.
 All Reasoning *Aristotle* does decide,
 And, in his *Dixit*, Litigants abide.
 The sacred Writ all Controversies end,
 Which on religious Theories depend :
 But the *Leviathan* no Rule does own,
 A Law and Rule unto it self alone.
 The Monster, in the Seas, as soon will brook,
 To be controuled by a Line and Hook.
 The Author Scripture quotes, but 'tis to show,
 With their own Weapons he can overthrow
 Fools, and Believers : And if's Proofs seem weak,
 He'd have it thought, the Truth he durst not speak.
 The whole Oeconomy of Faith's a Scheme
 To him, no better than an idle Dream.
 His Atheistic Ramble who'll declare,
 And answer; Unto him we may compare,
 One who in *Christmas* Pastimes does behold,
 The Dance of *Trenchmore* led thro' Snow and Cold,

Thro

Thro thick and thin, o'er Tables and o'er Chairs,
 Down to the Cellar, up the Garret Stairs,
 And at th' Extravance does gravely say,
 Thro' the Mid-Room there lay a fairer Way,
 When the Design, a Gambol, was to play :
 That Zeal for Truth is foolish, does aspire
 To answer Blasphemy with ought, but Fire.

Epigram 44.

On mean Poetry.

Of a mean Artist, in a useful Trade,
Horace observ'd, some use might yet be made.
 A Lawyer might, his Clients Cause defend,
 Who, unto *Tully's* Fame, did not pretend :
 But Poets and Musicians, who produce
 What meerly tends to Pleasure, not to Use,
 If mean and common, the judicious flight,
 And Fools alone, a vulgar Strain, delight.
 Of a bad Poet *Martial* smartly said,
 He does not write, who is by no Man read.

As done, that ought not stand upon the List,
Which, the whole Purpose of its doing, mist.

Epigram 45.

To my Precisian Censurer.

What thee concerns, thou say'st, thou do'st despise,
All that I write's Hyperboles and Lyes :

Strict Mathematick Truth thou do'st require,
As all who, to an honest Name, aspire :

What thou exacts, thy Phrensy does not see,
Tho' highest Caution us'd, yet cannot be ;

Figures, thou think'st, in Verse are only found,
In common Speech and Converse they abound,

Without them Men in no Affairs cou'd deal,
What they approve, or disapprove, reveal ;

They give to things of Moment the due Weight,
Vertue and Vice decypher to the height ;

Myst'rys ineffable, by them, are shown,
God's Glory, Mercys, and his Judgments known ;

Thou'd'st see, were not a Mist before thy Eyes,
Truths self wou'd suffer, were't not for these Lyes.

Evils wou'd reign, which by these Spells are crost,
Pow'rful Instruction and Reproof be lost.

When *Ely* thus reprov'd in simple sort,
His impious Sons, "*Nay, but no good Report*
"*I hear---* In Figure had he shew'd them Hell,
How in its Confines, their bold Crimes, did dwell,
The Ark had not been ta'n, nor they in Battel fell.

Epigram 46.

On Popular Men.

I Master of my Cattel seem to be,
Said the old Herdsman in the Tragedy :
But my Attendance on them, makes me know,
I Servant am, who follow, where they go.
So Demagogs a Shadow, entertain
Of Sovereign Pow'r, but ware the Vulgar's Chain,
Conceive they bear o'er all a mighty Sway,
While the Mob rules, and meanly they obey.

Epigram 47.

On old Leda.

What do'st thou tell me of ten thousand Pound ?
 For any Price will Men be hang'd, or drown'd ?
 Gold has its Charms, but Beauty has far more ;
 Were thy Wealth trebl'd, thou wou'd'st still be Poor.
 Know that fair *Flavia* does my Heart surprize,
 Who brings the *Indies* in her charming Eyes ;
 Who her beholds, disdains the Thoughts of Pelf,
 Inestimable, as Peerless, in her self.
 Thy Earth, thou hop'st, can yet eclipse this Sun,
 Wert wise, thou from her splendid Beams wou'd'st
 And not expose thy self in so great Light, (run ;
 Devils brook only to be seen by Night.

Epigram 48.

To Honorius.

When the *Philistins* drew, in *Michmas*, near,
Saul, guilty of Impatience and of Fear,

Distrusting God, and dreading of their Host,
 Usurp'd the Priesthood, and his Kingdom lost.
 More nobly far himself *Pausanias* bore,
 Altho a Heathen, when he stood before
 The Altar, what the Gods decreed to know,
 And Scouts, th' Approach o'th' Enemy, did show:
 Let none, says he, their Coming on affright,
 But firmly stand, undaunted, in their Sight;
 At's Feet, let ev'ry Man, cast down his Shield,
 Until the Gods their Answer to us yield.
 Which known, and good: They rais'd a chearful Shout,
 And the opposing Foe did with great Slaughter rout.
 Like as a stubborn Rock unmov'd does stand,
 Against Shocks both from the Sea and Land.
 The Mount'nous Billows of the raging Main,
 Winds, Thunder, Lightning, Hurricans, sustain,
 And when the Sky's again serene and clear,
 Just as before, unalter'd does appear.
 So Constancy, *Honorius*, does despise
 The Storms from Malice which combin'd, arise.
 Things safe and common, common Men can do,
 What's hard and dangerous, the brave alone forcethro.
 With

With Steel in War, in Peace with Vertue, arm,
 Tempests bring greater Noise with them, than Harm.

Epigram 49.

On our common Atheists.

Tho 'tis but to an impious Name y' aspire,
 You are below the Name, that you admire.
 To be an *Atheist*, Knowledge asks and Skill,
 'Tis not the Brat of Ignorance and Will.
 Those who, of old, were branded with this Name,
 Came not behind the Learned 'st in their Fame;
 Nor vicious were they, Error they did teach,
 Because the Truth was 'bove their Humane Reach.
 Have you, like them, the Scheme of Heaven and Earth
 Consider'd, and well weigh'd their Rise and Birth?
 Objections in this Case, can you revolve?
 All the Phænomena, in Nature, solve?
 Alas, your Strength is only to blaspheme,
 What checks your Vice, to make a drolling Theme.
 A Brothel was your School, Excess of Wine
 Turn'd you Philosophers, in plain Terms, Swine.

Your Predecessors did, at most, but Doubt,
 The Being of a God, but you without
 All Proof or Search, boldly dare one deny,
 With Impudence as great, as your Impiety ;
 By Learning, nor Civility, confin'd,
 Saucily affront the Sense of all Mankind ;
 The fond Credulity of Faith deride,
 Blind to discern, 'tis only on your Side ;
 Who do believe, while you a God disown,
 Him, 'tis sufficient also, to unthrown.
 Thus, when 'twas said, the *Roman Host* drew near,
Tigranes, to declare he nought did fear.
 The Scout beheaded, as a noble Deed,
 And in Debauch and Riot did proceed,
 Ambitious, by a sottish Scorn, to teach,
 Danger despis'd, his Safety cou'd not reach.
 But few Hours after, he as basely fled,
 Casting the Royal Band from off his Head.

Epigram 50.

To Marcellus.

Take here th' Advice, thou say'st, was thy Intent
T'ave ask'd, before thou unto *Flanders* went.

No Nations Martial Fame let thee dismay,
This Deference to thy native Country, pay.
'Tis not the *Danube*, *Rhine*, the South, the North,
From their mere Climate, valiant Men send forth.
But Education works this high Effect,
Which teaches Men their Honour to respect
'Bove Life; in a just Cause to choose to die,
Rather than live, at ease, with Infamy.

Orders receiv'd: Dispute not, but obey;
Let not thy Tongue, what's thy Swords Duty, pay:
If, with unequal Force, thou art o'erlaid,
I am a Soldier say, Danger's my Trade.
But private Quarrels, and vain-glorious Strife
Avoid; Hazards not worthy of thy Life.
Not only Fighting does Applause deserve,
But a Man's self, in Safety, to preserve.

More favourable, th' ancient *Greeks*, were far,
 To him that lost his Sword, than Shield in War ;
 Professing, when within their Pow'r it lay,
 A Citizen to save, or Foe to slay,
 The last they wou'd permit to scape away.

Let none debauch, and lead thee into Vice,
 Lifted a Soldier, still to sin, be nice.
Iphicrates, the *Athenian*, chose to fill
 His Troops with those, were most addict to ill.
 Saying, *That such, were greedy' st of the Prey*,
 Their Lusts to feed, all Dangers wou'd assay :
 But tho such Villains valiant may be found
 To storm a Temple, they in Fight give Ground.
 'Tis Innocence alone, that knows no Fear,
 The Spirit, when all's desp'rate, up will bear ;
 When thirst of Fame, Dominion, Riches, fail,
 Will all supply, and will alone prevail,

Epigram 51.

On a young Soldier.

When Victors are allow'd, Trophies to raise,
 Thou askest, why thy self thou may'st not praise ?
 Praise made thee Valour, in great Dangers, show,
 And does engage thee greater things to do ;
 Honour i'th' Field, thou did'st, b' Example, teach,
 And now, by Glorifying, Honour thou do'st preach.
 Be't so : Yet nobler's he, no Acts does tell,
 But 'counts all Duty, when he does excel.
 To God alone just Glory does belong,
 Because his Glorifying can no others wrong ;
 Competitor with him, none's found to be
Satan's a Rebel, but Slave-Enemy :
 Again, when God, his Mightiness, does show,
 'Tis infinitely, to what he is, below ;
 And did he not, in Part, himself reveal,
 Immenseness wou'd the Deity conceal.
 Unless thy Deeds are such, none can declare,
 If thou art wise, to trumpet them, forbear.

Epigram 52.

To Sextus.

I send thee here, all I have publick made,
 Except one Piece, which with my Will, is straid,
 Twenty two Sermons, in one Volume bound,
 What I have done in Verse, in two are found.
 Thou hum'st, and say'st, my Present thee does grace,
 But wou'd I'd sent a Capon in its Place.

Epigram 53.

On Bastwick Oats.

The Name I give, because your Nature Shapes,
 For, tho less witty, thou art *Bastwick's Ape* ;
 As scandalous and scurrilous in thy Phrase,
 Both holding Impudence, the highest Praise ;
 That Mountebank's mere Zany and his Fool,
 Preserver of his Excrements, his Close-stool.
 Worse utter'd, from good Manners wou'd not stray,
 Unto foul Language give too free a Way ;
 Speaking of *Oats*, none in this Point can fail,
 So base, to call him by his Name, 's to rail.

Epigram

Epigram 54.

On an Independant.

When *Charles* the first, I Saint and Martyr nam'd,
 Affirm'd none higher, in the Diptics, fam'd;
 Firm in Religion, in all Vertues strong,
 None Love deserving more, or suffering Wrong;
 In Scorn thou said'st, Canst thou the World acquaint.
 With any Wonders for this Martyr Saint,
 To testify his Faith, Heaven ever wrought?
 Yes: On three Realms his Blood Destruction brought,
 With-held before, Oppression, Tyranny,
 Prophaneness, Sacrilege, and Anarchy,
 The Cov'nant, *Cromwell*, Blasphemy, and Thee.

Epigram 55.

On the Covenant.

This Monster, *Scotland* brooded, at the first,
 Revolking *England* foster'd up and nurs'd;

The Rebel offspring of a Rebel Race,
 In which the Parents Features you may trace;
 Contempt of Pow'rs, the Height of Tyranny,
 Mocking of God, profound Hypocrisie.

Christ's Natures both have been, by some, deny'd,
 One, as too much; t'other, too mean, decry'd;
 His Actions and himself allegoriz'd.

But he who shall the *Covenant* dissect,
 Will yet much greater Blasphemys detect.

This does not Errors and Mistakes disclose,
 But, wittingly, enormous Sins impose.

Christ's Kingdom and a King, in Words, it owns,

And, by rebellious Actions, both dethrones;

Calls Heaven to witness, it true Duty pays,

When it, most impudently, disobey's;

Episcopacy, Antichristian, stiles,

And Regicide, to th' Gospel, reconciles.

Engins have made whole Fleets and Armys quake,

But this is one, the Christian World, to shake.

Whose furious Operation knew no Bound,

Till its wild Ravage, and destructive round,

The Authors, with two Nations, did confound.

Like to the seven times heated Furnace flew,
Those, who into its Flames, the Faithful threw.

Epigram 56.

On Rushworth's Collections.

Was't not enough, that Faction did run down
A righteous King, seize both his Life and Crown?
By diabolick Acts and Arts translate
Into Confusion, the best model'd State?
A Church of pure and Apostolick Frame,
Babylon, Whore, and Antichristian Name,
Her learned Teachers slaughter and defame,
Unless thou rear'd'st, false *Rushworth*, to the Skies,
Th' impious Actors of these Tragedys?
Zeal and Ambition, set on fire by Hell,
Like Furies, drove two Nations to rebel.
But what mov'd thee, in calm and sober Mood,
The Truth to stifle, and a Lie to brood?
Th' innocent Party, guilty to declare,
Th' execrable set off upright and fair?

How-

However foul a Sin is in the Act,
His is yet fouler, justifies the Fact.

Had not a faithful and industrious Hand,
By Records shew'd, how falsely thou did'st brand
That suff'ring Age, Posterity, the Right
Had never known, bewilder'd in thy Night.
I can't expose thy Treach'ry to the Height,
Of lay upon it the deserved Weight :

But Treach'ry is vile, however great,
And Stocks, nor Death, ' awarded to a Cheat ;
Invectives, like a nobler Doom, wou'd grace
What's disingenuous, and in Nature base.
For an Eternal Record of thy Shame,
The Pun shall stand, that's woven in thy Name.

Epigram 57.

On Moil the Grasier.

For Sheep, for Hogs, a Wife, Moils way of Trade
Was much alike, and the Respect he paid.
Into a House he stept, where he was told,
Out of great Choice a Wife he might behold :

Four comely Maids their Father made appear,
 All tightly in their Persons, and their Gear.
 Round them he walk'd, and after shook his Head,
 Mutt'ring, *I find, I shall not here be sped.*
 Their Father ask'd, If he could shew him more?
 As if, like Sheep, he Daughters had by th' Score.
 The Good-man said, the eldest kept his House,
 Brew'd, bak'd, made Butter, Cheese; in Winter, Souce.
 But he'd not deal, she look'd so poor and lank,
 A Wife he chose, like Bullocks, by the Flank.
 And to the Door, like a true Churl, he drew,
 Father nor Daughters bidding once adieu.
 Ith' Corner of a Close, as he did pass,
 Pitching of Dung, there was a sturdy Lass,
 Her Sleeves tuck'd up, her Coat not much below
 Her Knees, whose Legs did, like two Mill-posts show:
 Her Arms, like those of Oak; her Skin, like Bark,
 As rough and chop'd, as scurfy and as Dark;
 Aloud she baul'd, *Hodge, let not out the Cow--*
 And like to one, seem'd not to speak, but low.
 This precious Piece was, in his Eye, a Pearl,
 Long known, and fancy'd by him, from a Girl.

How

How do'st thou *Meg*? Says he.---*Thanks, Master Ma*
 Come, go with me, and leave off here to toil.
What to do Master? If thou do'st agree,
 Forthwith I purpose, *Meg*, to marry thee.
In earnest, say you? Even with all my Heart,
There shall not any Stop be on my Part,
'Parrel I'll only fetch. There is no need,
 'Twill raise but Talk, and trash our purpos'd Speed
 The Courtship ended, they both jogg'd along,
 He with his Padlestaff, she with her Prong:
 At's Farm, with nappy Ale, he did her treat,
 Kept by his private Key, and pouder'd Meat.
 Their Bellys full, they hasted both to bed,
 And some Weeks after, were, at leisure, wed.

Epigram 58.

On Fabella.

Where-e'er thou com'st, thy Face assumes a Jest, Th
 As if that something did absurd appear, Th'ar
 Which others does invite, the Cause to see, A kin
 But looking round, the Jest they find in thee. That

Epigram 59.

On Priscus.

That the *Satyrick Mirror* I do place
 Before my Books, them out of Hopes to grace,
 Whether more Pride or Folly I do show,
 Both are so eminent, thou do'st not know :

For tho' the Fancy well with *Martial* suits,
 My Epigrams, the meaning in't, confutes.

Counsel I'll here return thee, for thy Scorn.
 Thy self with fair and borrow'd Plumes adorn,
 If they'll engage thee, 'bove thy self, to live,
 Such Pride and Folly, all will thee forgive.

Epigram 60.

On Mercia.

Three snotty Girls, and two can wipe their Nose,
 That Mother of, and do'st thy self suppose
 A kind of *Niobe* ; ambitious art,
 That these thy beauteous Offspring bear a Part

Among

Among the Deitys, that rule this Town,
 Thinking, a Country Life, of no Renown.
 If this Conceit does from thy self arise,
 Whate'er thou dream'st, thou art not over wise.
 If from thy Children; to comply, were cruel:
 To please the younger, in their Watergruel,
 Allow more Plums and Sugar; a Lace more
 Or Fringe, unto the elder, on this score.
 A *London* Goddess, is a Bully's Whore.

Epigram 61.

To Justus.

Where my best Pow'rs, thou say'st, thou'd all com-
 T'extol the Great, my Verse does most decline. (bine,
 My Care's not less, but such above it shine.

Epigram 62.

On the Present Parliament.

The factious Members, the Year *Fourty*, met,
 The Ship o'th' State, when tight and stanch, o'er-set:

But when, by Storms, ready to bulge or strand,
 You, like good Pilots, brought her safe to Land ;
 When Shelves and Rocks did her Destruction doom,
 Worse than the *Ocean* knows, those in the *See of Rome*.

The Dangers of the Main she easier bore,

Than the fierce Hurricanes she met on Shore.

But no black Clouds, your Counsels, overcast,

Sent forth no ruffling, no seditious Blast ;

Feign'd Jealousies, in you, no Place cou'd find,

Ambition, or base Int'rest, taint your Mind ;

But as the King, his Person, did expose,

Your Aids, brought double Terror on our Foes ;

The Wants in which our Fleet or Army, stood,

Next Loyal Session, constantly, made good ;

Even Mines, you seem'd to spring, of richest Oar,

In this our Isle, were never known before ;

The Kingdoms Strength we, to your Wisdoms, owe,

Which, till you taught, our selves we did not know ;

Th' insuperable Burdens we did fear,

Easy and practicable, made appear

Which Acts have purchas'd you this rare Renown,

The Darling of the People, and the Crown.

Epigram 63.

On a Wittall.

Vast in Estate, in Heart and Stature small,
 A Wife was given thee proud, majestic, tall;
 Who, o'er thee, eas'ly did the Empire gain,
 Her Presence aw'd thee, to resign the Rein.
 Me, thy Comrade, thou brought'st with thee to dine,
 But did'st in this, I found, transgress thy Line:
 For when thy haughty Wife approach'd the Board,
 Led by two Gallants, she did not afford
 A Look to thee or me, her Bullies did carefs,
 And all thy Servants did to them address;
 They rul'd, commanded, revell'd in thy Cheer,
 Thou did'st the Guest, and they the Lords appear.
 Both shameful and deplorable's thy Case,
 They seem'd to cuckold thee before thy Face;
 And tho they planted on thy Brow the Horn,
 To flatter and collogue with thee did scorn.
Æsop's old Fable's moral'd in thy House,
 The Marriage of the Lions and Mouse.

Epigram

Epigram 64.

On a Coward.

Thy brawny Limbs, thee to bear Arms, betray'd,
 A Soldier first, and then a Captain, made ;
 Upon the Court of Guard, not any *He*
 Dares more profess, or durst do less, than thee ;
 Foe thou ne'er saw'st, but in a Fortrefs lay,
 For if thou had'st, thou wou'dst have run away ;
 Too good a *Christian* art, to fight a Duel,
 But where thou might'st with Safety, to be cruel
 Thou think'st it brave, also to rant and swear,
 If these are Crimes, know'st not what Vertues are.
 Drunk, on a Time, thou rudely did'st assay,
 The Vintner's Wife, but sorely for't did'st pay ;
 Her Husband wou'd not pass it for a Slip,
 But his blew Apron drub'd thy Captainship ;
 Nor offer'd'st thou to draw, when he did rout thee,
 Thy Wits tho' lost, the Fears thou had'st about thee.

Epigram 65.

On three little Boys.

Coming from Church upon a Holy-day,
 Their Father ask'd, What did the Vicar say?
 What have you brought o' th' Sermon? One did tell
 The Text, Chapter and Verse, and that was well,
 Apologiz'd, by Silence, for the rest:
 The Mother hugg'd the younger in her Breast,
 And ask'd, what have you brought my Joys and Loves?
 He meekly said, my Handkercher and Gloves.

Epigram 66.

To Lupus.

Thou call'st my Verses nought, and so much more,
 Because they come from fourscore Years and four;
 Name 'em not Verse, but Anguish and Disease,
 And then, perhaps, they will the better please;
 For tho but mean vile Epigrams they prove,
 Groanings and Coughings th' are a Strain above.

Epigram

Epigram 67.

On a conceited Poet.

Conceit, like thee, did never Man deceive,
 Of Modesty and Judgment so bereave.
 Thou do'st avow, with Pride soover-grown,
 Mens Works thou read'st, but only lov'st thine own.
 Think'st that *Apollo* cannot reach thy Strain,
 Shou'd he attempt, he wou'd attempt in vain.
 Reciting ought, thou strangely do'st rejoyce,
 And shew'st it in thy Gestures, Looks, and Voice,
 At ev'ry Verse, behold'st the Hearers Face,
 How he approves th' inimitable Grace;
 Thy Betters, Brother Poets, deign'st to call,
 Thinking the Honour, thou confer'st, not small;
 Demand'st, if any equal thee in Wit?
 When all's *Cacata Charta* thou hast writ.
 This Lesson to thy self for Cure reherse,
A Fool in Morals, is an Ass in Verse.

Epigram 68.

On Thyrsis.

Sitting with *Thyrsis* by a purling Brook,
 In's well tun'd Verses, I great Pleasure took.
 So soft, so gentle, so harmonious sweet,
 They mov'd like Down, which has the Air for Feet.
 He sung the Wonders in *Aminas* Face,
 Her charming Speech, and captivating Grace ;
 Shew'd her a Miracle awake, a-sleep,
 A seeming Goddess, when she drove her Sheep ;
 From Gems, from Flow'rs, from Stars their Beauty
 Which brighter in her Form, than in them- (drew,
 (selves did shew.

Astonish'd and transported with his Song,
Thyrsis, said I even raving, how I long
 To learn thy Skill--- He bid me take for Theme,
 Th' adjoyning Grove, and gently flowing Stream.
 My boist'rous Verse, of Leaves, bereav'd the Wood,
 And swell'd the gliding Waters to a Flood.
 My Friend, said he, your Metre wou'd not fail,
 To raise a Tempest in a Milk-Maid's Pail ;

To Love, I soft and melting Numbers, owe,
 They not from reading, but from Passion flow ;
 Your Head is heavy--- Yet again I'll try---
 But doting thus, within a Covert nigh,
 Both *Cupid* and my *Muse* I did espy,
 Her angry Sense, with Frowns, she did deliver,
 He laugh'd, and shook the Shafts from out his Quiver.

Epigram 69.

On a decay'd Beauty.

Pouder'd and patch'd, thick laid with white and red,
 One of those Dames, feign Beauty, when 'tis fled,
 Besought me with a quaint, well-bred Address,
 Her little Cur to celebrate in Verse ;
 Hoping, at least, I'd make her hold the Dog.
 Embarras'd worse, than sunk into a Bog,
 Said I, no Mastiff, Madam, have you, nor a Hog?

Epigram 70.

On the same.

Without Resentment, tho thou didst depart,
My Answer vext thee to the very Heart.

What ? Say'st thou, rather praise a filthy Hog,
Or Mastiff, than my self, and genté Dog ?

He shews, beside, a Person meanly bred,
That talks, at such a rate, of white and red :

Smutty were more agreeable Discourse,
Than Language so uncourtly and so course.

Epigram 71.

On a Bunkin.

There came, upon a Law Suit, to the Town,
One, *Master*, call'd for's Wealth, by Birth a Clown;

He ask'd a Friend, where he might daily eat ?

Who answer'd, Ord'naries, at all Rates, treat.

But there, I hear, they swagger and they fight,

And I, in broken Pates, take no Delight.

Be not then positive, no Man gainsay,
 Take care, a fair Respect to all you pay.
 'Gainst Quarrels this he found a good Defence,
 Only his Stomach gave my Host Offence,
 Who often with'd him, and his welve pence thence.
 And once, sharp set on Beef, to none a Foe,
 One coming in, gave him a swinging Blow,
 But strait profess'd, it was upon Mistake,
 Nor know I, I protest, what of't to make,
 Said he ; fed on, and the King's Peace ne'er brake.

Epigram 72.

On Lewis the 14th.

While thou art safe, thy Soldiers, on thy score,
 By Thousands fall on Heaps all *Europe* o'er ;
 Th' Assassins undergo just Princes Rage,
 'Tis pittty, thou thy self dost ne'er engage.

Epigram

Epigram 73.

Censorinus.

Thou say'st, on trivial Subjects I do write,
 Things, of too mean a Nature, bring to light.
 What wou'dst thou have? I shew the Ways of Men
 And must, what's wise, only take up my Pen?
 Th'are Epigrams, to say no more, I frame,
 And Titles, of all sorts, answer their Name.
 Nor *Martial*, more than *Nugæ*, his did call :
 Tho' things of Bulk vail oft', to what are small.
 A Spark of Di'mant set in Gold by Art,
 Excells a Freestone, that will load a Cart ;
 A Piece by *Browar*, but of one Foot square
 In Worth, with vast Designs, of Rubens may compare
 If Storms, feign'd Wars, as great things, thee delight
Virgil consult ; but *Martial*, why do'st slight ?
 Follys are trifling, nothing is more true,
 But trifling 'tis not, them aright to shew !
 All Vice is mean, degen'rate, low, and base,
 Yet noble it may be, Vice to uncase.

I rake in Mire, but not immer'd am seen,
 Dunghills I turn, but keep my self still clean,
 Favour no Crimes, nor am I found obscene,
 That Epigrammatist, he might appear,
 Soure *Beza*, to write *Baudry*, did not fear.

Epigram 74.

To Priscus.

Thus [to one *David*] did a Person say,
 "Renowned *David*! famous to this Day!
 "Son of *Goliath*, who did *Sampson* slay.

Epigram 75.

On Planca.

Thou laugh'dst aloud, to see Addresses paid
 To a fair Widdow, and thou by a Maid :
 But tho thou feign'dst to scorn, thy Heart is wrung,
 Youth was thought old, and Beauty ever Young.

Epigram

Epigram 76.

On the Poems on the Affairs of State.

My Sense, ~~Calumn~~, freely to relate
 O'th' Poems [stil'd] *on the Affairs of State*,
 Lampoons and Libels they, to me, do seem,
 The Church, the King, the Monarchy, their Theme.
 But as they these, themselves they also brand,
 Malice and Lewdness going Hand in Hand.

I thought at first, they were a mere Contest,
 Whether smooth Verse, or rough and strong were best,
Denham's and *Dryden's*, *Waller's* Names were glad
 To see, but reading, this Conceit I had,
Dryden writ young, ~~Denham~~ when he was mad.
 From Muse's Laws, tho *Waller* ne'er did range,
 He, a wrong Cause to varnish, made not strange.
Rocheſter, 'mong the best, I wou'd reherſe,
 Were he as great in Vertue, as in Verſe ;
 And nobleſt Wits wou'd ſweat to reach his Praise,
 No Head, than his, deſerving more the Bayes.

In *Marvels* Vein, I fancy'd that I saw,
 The Chains in *Bedlam*, Ravings, and the Straw,
 As dark and mystical, as fierce and Wood,
 There ever best, where he's least understood.
Milton is also mention'd in the List,
 And present, but involv'd as in a Mist,
 And you may sep'rate Water mix'd with Wine,
 Sooner than's Pen, from that before, disjoyn,
 Tho far unlike, as Sense, and empty prate,
Milton the Venom adding and the Weight:
 Like Heat and Cold they, joyn'd together, thunder,
 But *Marvel* single, ne'er appear'd a Wonder.

I doubt not but these Pieces were compos'd
 For sev'ral Ends, tho now, for one expos'd ;
 And Mastery in Verse is least design'd,
 Treason's the Business, Poetry's the Blind :
 For not to name, what's scurrilously writ
 Oth' Church [late Ages common place of Wit.]
 W're told, if just and great things we affect,
 The State of Monarchy we must reject
 Such Blessings from a Commonwealth expect.

That

That noble *Monk* play'd but the perjur'd Knave,
When Rebels he deceiv'd, and did his Country save.

Portentous Times ! that can produce this thing,
Friends joyn'd with Foes, to abrogate a King.
Even those the King, Heaven's highest Blessing, own,
With *France* and *Rome*, plot to subvert his Throne;
The Hellish Fogs of *Forty One*, arise,
Threatning, a second Time, t' o'erspread our Skys.
No Place is here, the Satyrists to play,
Forbear my Muse, these Days call more to pray.

Epigram 77.

On Baccha.

I know no Tyranny that can compare,
With Kindness from a Woman that's not fair.
Probus, says *Baccha*, tho you will not dine,
Sit by me yet, and take a Glass of Wine.
Vastly she eat, and did as largely drink,
Broke Wind for Ease, and scrupl'd not to st---k.
All she coug't up, or from her Brain did flow,
She swallow'd, which for second Course did go.

Of green-fin'd Oyfters fh'ad a double Bed,
 One in her Stomach, t'other in her Head.
 Feeling a Qualm, abruptly I with-drew,
 Elle, as I faw her eat, ſhe'ad ſeen me ſp.---

Epigram 78.

On the Prieſt's Girdle.

The glorious God that did the World create,
 That thoſe at ſ's Altar ſerv'd, might ſuit his State;
 Himſelf preſcrib'd the Garments, they ſhould wear,
 Nor were the Robes of Kings ſo gorgeous fair.
 The ſmalleſt Piece, the Girdle, did unfold
 Scarlet and Purple, interwove with Gold.
 Habits, not only made to take the Sight,
 But Rev'rence to conveigh with the Delight.

This Age, whatever's holy dares defame,
 A *Surcingle*, the *Sacerdotal Girdle*, name;
 And for a Myſt'ry, the Reproach, muſt paſs,
 It girds a Prieſt, that is, a blockiſh Aſs.
 When *Gentiles* did the Deity diſplay,
 Like to a Man, or Ox that eateth Hay,

Well

Well may his Servants the Disgrace digest,
That Atheists martial them among the Beast.

Epigram 79.

To Eudora and Silvia.

Prob.] Most justly (excellent and matchless Pair)
On your fair Arms you each a Garland wear !

Eudo.] Without consulting, by our Genius led,
We both conspir'd, wish them to crown thy Head !

Prob.] No, glorious Nymphs ! Whose be, that dares do
Such divine Trophies, to assume their Grace ?
Those, who your Vertues know, and Beautys see,
These Laurels to your Merit will decree,

Silv.] Ambitiously we Honour came to pay,
But more adorn'd our selves we go away.

Epigram 80.

On Damon and Phillis.

Phillis, as proud in Youth, as she was fair,
Fond *Damon* brought, well nigh, unto Despair ;

Time did his Peace restore, her Grace decay,
 The Maid remain'd, when Beauty fled away:
 Disdaining now, he turn'd aside his Eye,
 And said, Times past how great a Fool was I?

Epigram 81.

On Thyrsis and Alinda.

Alinda, constant *Thyrsis*, did adore,
 And the bright Maid from all Pretenders bore.
 Grown grey himself, and she 'mong Matrons nam'd,
 He ne'er forgot, Times past, how she was fam'd;
 But said, when all the Nymphs he did behold,
 None my *Alinda* equals, tho she's old.

Epigram 82.

On Bardus.

The noblest Marts of Books in all the Town
 Thou haunt'st, among the Learn'd to get Renown,

G

Spend'st

Spend'st many Hours, in turning o'er and o'er
 Both Greek and Latine Authors a vast Store ;
 Feigning to read, but dost (in truth) but pore.
 Understand'st none, writ'st in a Book contains
 Just such a Treasure as thy worthless Brains :
 Exhaust'st thy Spirits, altho hail and strong,
 A Dog 'twould tire, that did not sleep so long.
 The Pains thou tak'st thy Ign'rance to disguise,
 If well employ'd, wou'd make thee learn'd and wise.

Epigram 83.

A Farewel to Poetry.

I yield at length : Reason and Age conspire,
 To quench the Flame of my Poetick Fire.---
 These Words, my Muse, scarce utter'd, yet did hear,
 And charm'd up, like a Spirit, did appear :
 Roses and Laurel were her Heads Attire,
 Her pearl-trimm'd Harp was strung with Golden
 The Mystry in her Garments none cou'd spell (Wyer.
 Such wond'rous Fancy did in them excel.

Thus

Thus in her Glory she her self array'd,
More powerfully my fleeting to upbraid.

Ingrate, she said, what is it you propose?

With what Support will next your Dotage close?

Who shall your Pains divert? Droopings revive?

Men will say, *There you sit, but not alive.*---

This, and much more, enraged and high-flown,
She fiercely spoke, supposing me alone :

But when she paus'd, surpriz'd, she did behold

A rev'rend Dame, of Heav'nly Form, tho old ;

Her Hand a Book, her Mantle Stars adorn'd,

Her Visuage, *Moses* like, was ray'd and horn'd,

With God, as he, she nearly did converse,

And of his Glory bore a bright Impress,

DEVOTION was her Name. The Muse abash'd,

Her Figure, 'fore she spoke, her Boldness dash'd,

The Freedom she had shew'd, she blushing, blam'd,

Even of her Youth and Beauty seem'd ashamed.

Within your Bounds, the Matron said, contain,

Divine Effects ascribe not to what's vain ;

Your Art cou'd Pains divert, but cou'd not cure,

A Flash of Life infuse, not make t'endure ;

The

The *Ill-at-ease* joy'd oft to take the Air,
 In your rough, jolting, Epigrammic Chair
 Which vary'd Griefs, but did not them impair.
 On downy Wings I'll bear him far above
 All that is Mundane, Pain, Ambition, Love;
 Where all delights ; and nothing does annoy,
 Sorrows are drown'd in Extasies of Joy.

These Words had Force, the Muse her self t'inspire,
 Who to a higher Key strait wound her Lyre,
 And profelyted on the Earth cast down,
 Low at *Devotions* Feet, her Laurel Crown,
 Resolv'd hereafter ne'er to wear the Bayes,
 But on account of singing Heavenly Layes.

ERRATA.

PAGE 3. line 7. read *beast*, p. 4. l. 14. in *Tables*, p. 6. l. 16. r. *Beauty*, p. 45. l. 13. r. *Exalt*, p. 50. l. 12. f. it r. and, p. 53. l. 11. r. *dar'st*, p. 72. l. 11. r. *Natures Shape*, p. 84. l. 10. f. *Her One*, p. 94. l. 10. r. *joy's days*.

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